

# 5 O'CLOCK SPECIAL.

PRICE ONE CENT.

## PLACING THE GUILT.

Crowner's Quest on the Body of Murdered Annie Goodwin.

Betrayer and Slayer Face the Dead Girl's Father.

The False Death Certificate in Evidence—The Testimony.

The first official step to avenge the cruel murder of poor, misguided Annie Goodwin was taken by Coroner M. J. B. Messemmer this morning.

The Damocletian sword that has been hanging so long over the head of old Dr. McGonigal seems certain to fall at last, and by one sweeping stroke to avenge at once this last victim, as well as countless others who have met their deaths at the malpractitioner's hands.

The details of the revolting murder of Annie Goodwin, which have been told at length in THE EVENING WORLD, will be

gone over once more and this time will be officially taken down in the fullest detail, in order that not one word of the damning evidence may be lost.

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latter place, and there another vexatious delay from some unexplained cause took place.

CHUM AND LOVER CAME. Sadie Traphagen, the dead girl's chum, and Andrew L. Fanning, the innocent youth who went out for Dr. McGonigal to attend the dead girl, came in about 11 o'clock.

The very box was full; the prisoners and witnesses were all present, but still there was some hitch.

McGONIGAL WAS SERVING. The old doctor sat behind his two burly

called there three times after that, and once I brought her nightgown.

On July 13, the last time I called, Mrs. Shaw told me that the doctor had taken Annie's body away Sunday morning about 2 o'clock.

Mrs. Shaw says that she asked the doctor where he was going to take the body.

"Mrs. Shaw said," continued Sadie, "he told me that would be all right."

"Mrs. Shaw told me her ring and other things were all on Annie and had been buried with her. They were not on the day when I saw it at the cemetery."

ASKED TO COMMIT FORGERY. "You have also had conversations with Dr. McGonigal after Annie's death?" questioned the Assistant District Attorney.

"Yes, sir. He came Monday evening; he asked me if I had any of Annie's letters, and asked me if I would write a letter to Annie's sister, imitating her handwriting. He wrote what he wanted me to say. It was this:

"SISTER MAMIE—I am doing nicely. I am working with an old friend of mine every day and Sunday. Will be home in a month or two."

"He left this at the house, and I returned the next day to write it, and returned the note to the doctor."

"This was two days after Annie's death?" "Yes, sir."

"The doctor again?" "Yes, sir. He called, and wanted me to come to his office. He asked me to show a written letter to Mrs. Halliday, and told her that it was from Annie and that she was doing nicely."

Under cross-examination by Lawyer Van Cott Sadie said that Annie Goodwin had frequently visited Schwartz and other concert saloons with various young men. She had no "steady company" that Sadie knew of.

SADIE KNEW ALL ABOUT IT. "Now, you knew Annie was in trouble, didn't you?"

"Yes, sir. She told me she was going to see a doctor."

"What did she tell you about going to see a doctor?"

"Yes, she came back and asked me to come with her to see a doctor. That she thought she would be all right."

MRS. COLLINS ON THE STAND. Mrs. Louis Collins, to whom Annie

The jury was made up as follows: L. A. Grass, foreman, 124 Chambers street; W. Reimann, 7 Astor house; W. H. Stern, 5 Astor house; J. W. Sundberg, 159 Fulton street; N. Demas, 75 Chambers street; Philip Meyers, 401 1/2 Broadway; J. H. Miller, 690 Broadway; J. W. Hubbs, 1314 Third avenue; H. Greiner, 1225 Third avenue; G. Hogn, 1362 Third avenue; F. F. Cody, 1423 Third avenue; Thomas Jetter, 1576 Third avenue; S. Leichter, 277 Third avenue; Thomas W. Knox, 2313 Third avenue; James Spiro, 70 Fulton street.

THAT FALSE DEATH CERTIFICATE. The doctor took the stand. He read the death certificate, dated July 11. In it Dr. McGonigal swore that he had attended Jane Wilbur at her residence, 239 East One Hundred and Eighth street, from July 3 to 11, and that to the best of his knowledge and belief she died of inflammatory rheumatism of the heart July 11, about 3 o'clock in the afternoon.

MRS. HALLIDAY'S STORY. Mrs. Halliday, the married sister of the dead girl, was next called.

She is very pretty and resembles her sister very much. She was questioned by Assistant District Attorney Bedford.

On the evening of July 4, I warned the doctor to take her out of the house and he did. She was lying on the bed all dressed. What young man called on her at your house?"

"A young man named Fanning."

Then she related how Annie sent Fanning for the doctor. She also identified the doctor.

ANDREW L. FANNING. The young man who went for the doctor, was next called. He lives at 149 East One Hundred and Seventeenth street.

"How long have you known Annie Goodwin?"

"About two years."

"I looked up Annie Goodwin as a friend, and had I thought she was any other than a pure woman I would not have gone with her."

refused to testify on the advice of his counsel.

MERRITT'S TALE OF SHAME. Undertaker Cornelius Merritt, the man who carelessly dumped the body into a box and jammed the limbs and head so they would fit, was then called.

"Dr. McGonigal called on me," he said, "and told me he had a poor girl dying of inflammatory rheumatism, and asked me how much I would bury her for."

"I said \$25, where is it?" asked McGonigal, and what was I asked?

"In One Hundred and Eighth street," McGonigal said, and what was I asked?

"How did you receive the body?" "I got it at my office about 2 o'clock Sunday morning."

"A colored man brought it into you, did he not?"

"Yes. Is this the man?" asked Mr. Bedford, pointing to the almost white Davidson.

"I cannot tell," replied the 3rd, conscientious, unassuming undertaker.

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But James Cavanagh Is Proof Against His Wife's Bullets.

Their Domestic Drama Continued in the Police Court This Morning.

"And now," murmured the prompter in the "Dramatic Life," in a husky voice, in the Yorkville Police Court this forenoon, "let the judicial stage for James and Emily Cavanagh's turn."

The orchestra, a settee full of blowsy and fuzzy-throated drunks and disorderlies, struck an andante chord, and the Cavanaghs reverted to the judicial stage.

James reeled off his little solo first. He was palpably nervous, but acquitted himself creditably when it is taken into consideration that he had three slugs of very cold lead concealed beneath the tissues of the epididymis in his back.

It was the first act in the Cavanaghs' newest piece, "Emily's Bad Markman-ship," or, "Jim's Lucky Escape."

The prologue and first act were given their first performance on any stage at 7.30 o'clock last night before an amazed audience on Fourteenth street near Irving place.

It was exceedingly lively and moved along something like this:

James, who is an actor, and billed in big type as a comedian in Monroe & Rice's "My Aunt Bridget" company, was discussing the probability of playing a rather good engagement of forty-five weeks next season, warbling and gyrating in "My Aunt Bridget," with Comedian Paul Allen, of Lester and Allen; Comedian McDonald, of the London Theatre, and some lesser luminaries of the variety stage world.

None of the persons present could give any clear account of the manner of Antonio's death, except that he was hit by a policeman in One Hundred and Eleventh street, and was taken to his home by his friends, where he died shortly after.

Every one told a different story, but they all had the trouble to the mysterious policeman.

The latter, they said, came on One Hundred and Eleventh street about 11 o'clock from First avenue, and for some reason not explained began clubbing a group of Italians who were standing on the sidewalk.

After scattering them he walked over to the other side of the street, where Antonio and his friends were, and gave them a similar dose of the locust. Antonio was one of those hit.

The policeman then continued up the street and disappeared around the corner of Second avenue.

Le was described as a big man with a black mustache, but no policeman answering to that description was on that street last night.

After he had these stories Mullen went out and rapped for assistance, and when he had secured three other brother officers he went in and arrested Frank (Gonzalez) Joseph and John Rossi, Antonio Colucci and John Crook.

This morning they were all arraigned before Justice Power, at the Harlem Police Court, and remanded to await the action of the Coroner. Carlo was a laborer and twenty-seven years old.

Mullen says that Antonio's brother told him that his brother had been sick for some time, and there is considerable doubt as to whether he died by violence or from natural causes.

The policeman clubbing story is not credited, and if there was any fight at all the police believe that it occurred among the Italians themselves, and that they are now trying, according to their usual custom, to shield the murderer.

BIG STRIKE IN BROOKLYN.

All Union Men in the Building Trades Ordered Out.

Representatives of the building trades in Brooklyn met this morning at their headquarters, No. 359 Fulton street, and decided to call out all union men employed on buildings in course of erection.

This general tie-up is the outcome of the roofers' strike, which has been in progress for more than two months, owing to their bosses' refusal to grant them shorter hours without reduction of pay.

Most of the bosses in other branches of the trade agreed to the eight-hour day early in the season, but the roofers' demand was met with refusal and the strike resulted.

Serious losses now threaten the contractors, as buildings in all parts of the city are left unfinished.

The bosses remain firm and a total paralysis of the building trade in Brooklyn is threatened.

SHOT HIMSELF IN THE HEAD.

A Brooklyn Hatter Commits Suicide in His Collar.

Edward Whitehouse, fifty years old, a hatter, living with his mother at 87 Hall street, Brooklyn, committed suicide shortly after 12 o'clock today by shooting himself in the back of the head in the basement of his home.

Since his wife's death he has been drinking heavily. He leaves several children.

Roman Gets Seven Years.

John Roman, the car-driver, who shot Albert B. Moulton, superintendent of the Steinway and Hunter's Point Railway Company of Long Island City on March 26, was this morning sentenced by Judge Cullen to Sing Sing for seven years.

Local News in Brief.

"Elie" Farman, forty-two years old, of 533 East 24th street, was taken to the Freshwater hospital this morning suffering from injuries received by a fall from a horse last night. No serious injury made.

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WAS ANTONIO MURDERED?

Mysterious Death of an Italian in a First Avenue Tenement.

His Friends Claim That a Policeman Clubbed Him.

The police of the Eighty-eighth street station made a raid in "Little Italy" early this morning and corralled five dusky Italians, who are suspected of being concerned in the death of Carlo Antonio, one of their fellow countrymen, who lived at No. 2135 First avenue.

Policeman Frank Mullen, of the Eighty-eighth street squad, who was the first to get wind of the case, says that while he was standing at the corner of One Hundred and Ninth street and First avenue about 5 o'clock this morning, talking to a night watchman, an Italian came running up and, in an excited way, asked him if he had heard about any trouble up in One Hundred and Tenth street earlier in the night.

"No, I didn't," said Mullen, "what was the row?"

"There was a fight up there about 11 o'clock," replied the man, "and two or three people were hurt."

"Who was fighting?" asked the officer.

"I don't know, but it was between a policeman and some Italians, and one man is dead at 2135 First avenue."

Without waiting to hear anything further Policeman Mullen started at once for the place. He found a horde of Italians crowded together in a little room and on the bed lay Carlo Antonio dead.

After examining the body Mullen was unable to find any signs of recent bruises upon it, excepting a contusion on the temple. The lower part of the man's body seemed to be covered with old sores and was plentifully patched up with plasters.

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## WALL ST. STOCK REPORTS.

The Market Dull and the Tendency of Prices Downward.

Even \$5,000,000 for Bonds Accepted Fails to Impart Life.

Substance of the Sugar Trust Circular Which Was Issued To-Day.

HE weather dampened the ardor of speculators at the Stock Exchange, and business was very quiet throughout the day.

The Sub-Treasury this morning received \$5,000,000 in gold certificates to